



Tales of Pluck and Adventure

as Hero in the Life-Saving Service.

THE heroic fight of W. W. Glesser alone against a terrific, driving sea on the shore of Lake Erie and his successful rescue of a man given up for lost, a deed that won him a gold medal, stands first in the records of the United States Life-Saving Service of brave deeds done last year.

Tale after tale of courage and hardship, as dramatic as anything in fiction are told in this report, but Glesser's splendid achievement stands as the greatest.

The hero is the keeper of the Buffalo station. A gale was sweeping across the harbor of Buffalo one afternoon. Two large scows with several men aboard broke from their moorings under the tremendous strain of lashing seas and were drifting steadily toward the breakers.

A life-boat was launched with Glesser in command. Nearing the point of danger, the boat was driven before the wind just outside the line of surf. Anchor was dropped and it was intended to slack away till the scows, which were now in the breakers, could be given assistance. But the anchor dragged, a big wave snapped the hawser and another upset the boat. All the occupants were thrown out and had a hard swim in the pounding seas for a quarter of a mile to reach the land.

There they heard that a man who had been on one of the scows was in a perilous position among some old piles standing nearly a third of a mile from which Glesser then was.

Mounting his engine Glesser, with his crew, rode to a spot opposite. The half-drowned man was clinging to the slippery piles 400 or 500 feet from shore, the seas constantly breaking over him.

The use of the boat was impracticable, and the situation of the unfortunate man was such that he must perish unless aid should reach him. There was little time for deliberation, and Glesser, in spite of all protests, quickly resolved to try to swim out with a line. He called upon Surfman Greenland to accompany him. They were warned by experienced men that they could not live to accomplish it, but with solemn resolve Glesser replied:

"Wait until we try; the man cannot come to us; we will try to get to him."

Then, making one end of the line fast about his arm, he dashed into the surging waters, accompanied by Greenland. The two had not proceeded far when they were thrown back upon the beach. Again they set out, but when about fifty yards on the way a particularly heavy sea hurled Greenland against an old pile and then swept him back to land, considerably injured, so that he had to give up the attempt.

But Glesser was undaunted by the loss of his companion and bravely persisted. He was repeatedly driven ashore, but gradually gained ground until he reached a pile standing about sixty yards from shore.

There he rested for a few moments. This was the only pause he made during the entire operation of rescue, which consumed three-quarters of an hour.

After recovering his breath Glesser renewed the battle, and although severely buffeted about and driven back sometimes 100 feet or more, he kept up a stout heart, diving under the worst breakers.

At length, getting sufficiently near, Glesser threw to the man the end of the line, instructing him to make it fast about his body and then to let go his hold of the piling and drop into the water. He had only sufficient strength, however, to secure the line about his wrist, and before he could leap the waves and fended the bight of the line among the piling.

Glesser was thrown nearly 100 feet away. To the people on the shore it seemed as though both must certainly perish. Glesser still persisted, regaining his lost ground, and at the end of fifteen minutes of dangerous work cleared the snarl. Then upon his signal the man let go of the piles, while scores of persons at the other end of the line pulled him with a rush to the beach, where he was picked up unconscious.

Then Glesser struck out for the land, which he reached without aid, but so exhausted that he could not stand. Not till then was it found that he was considerably injured by a floating telegraph pole, which had passed over him two or three times, inflicting heavy blows upon his back. — New York World.

The Deed of Wilson McField.

From the records of the Royal Humane Society a writer in McClure's Magazine draws the story of an obscure negro seaman whose brave deed was discovered and honored by two of the great nations of the earth. One tropical night the schooner Dolphin rested almost motionless off the Cayman rocks in Nicaragua. Crew and passengers, some twenty in all, were asleep about the deck, for it was too hot to go below. Then came such a squall as comes only in those southern seas. The sails, all set, furnished ample leverage. Within ten seconds the Dolphin was bottom up, her passengers and crew struggling in the water.

Wilson McField, a negro and a subject of Great Britain, was the first to come to the surface. All his twenty-

seven years of life he had known these waters, and he swam like a fish. He soon succeeded in climbing upon the bottom of the vessel. Then he shouted to the others, and one by one pulled up five of the crew.

Fortunately the squall was soon over, although the sea was high. After they had drifted two hours the men heard strange sounds, like pounding within the vessel. Some thought they heard voices. The more superstitious were afraid. The night dragged on, and by daylight the sounds had grown fainter. The crew concluded that men were imprisoned within the boat, but none could devise a way to save them. Then the negro proposed to dive under and into the ship. They assured him he would never get out again, but carrying between his teeth one end of a rope that had been dragging from the vessel McField dived, passed under the gunwale and rose in the hatch.

It was pitch dark, and the interior of the vessel was full of the floating cargo, but he kept on steadily. Finally, concluding that he had reached the cabin, he rose, and in an instant his head was above water. Yet so foul was the air and so narrow the space between the water and the ship's bottom that he could hardly breathe. He could see no one, but he heard the knocking again and called out. Then came voices, faint but familiar.

Swimming in the direction of the sound he found two men braced against the cabin sides and holding their heads above water. One was a young rubber cutter, named Mallitz, the other a native Spanish-Nicaraguan called Obando. Both were panic-stricken, and McField was obliged to threaten them with instant death if they did not obey him. He fastened the rope round Mallitz and gave the signal to pull. McField dived into the water along with him. In his fright Mallitz entangled himself in the hatchway, and precious time was lost in freeing him. When they reached the surface Mallitz was unconscious and McField more dead than alive.

They pulled Mallitz aboard, but McField would not follow. As soon as the rope was free he took it in his teeth and went under, found the hatch and entered the cabin. Obando was almost uncontrollable with fear and exhaustion, but McField finally secured him with the rope, and gave the signal to pull up. This time the trip was made without accident, and both men were drawn on board. All the men were saved.

The United States Government awarded McField a medal and \$50 in gold, and the Royal Humane Society of Great Britain gave him a silver medal.

Desert His Death Trap.

J. P. Fay has returned to San Bernardino, Cal., from a trip across the Colorado with news of the death of J. A. Adams, Deputy County Surveyor of San Bernardino County, and a grandson of John Brown, Abolitionist.

"We were out on the desert prospecting for gold," said Mr. Fay. "An Indian whom we had employed to show us where to find water on the desert caught his foot in the stirrup while mounting his horse and fell on his back. The horse started to run, dragging the Indian by one foot.

"As the ground was covered by jagged rocks the Indian would have been killed had not Mr. Adams run up and seized the horse by the bit. The animal, wild with fright, reared and plunged. Mr. Adams was twice thrown upon the rocks, and once the horse's hoof struck him, but he still gripped the bit until my companions and I succeeded in releasing the Indian.

"After all the danger was over Adams sat down upon a rock and began laughing, and when asked if he was hurt replied: 'Oh, no; I'm only a little tired, but I guess you will have to help me set this arm.'

"We then started for Yuma, Adams riding some twenty-five miles that afternoon and never once complaining, though we could see by his drawn features that he was suffering intense pain.

"At dusk we camped for the night, and within an hour the man was delirious and raving like a madman. Some time during the night he left camp. As soon as we discovered that he had gone we made every effort to find him, but could not do much until daylight, when we found his tracks in the sand.

"We followed the tracks all that day and until about 9 o'clock the next day, when we came to a hard, rocky place at the foot of some rock hills. Here we lost the trail, and try as we might we could not find it again.

"For three days we searched the hills, but not a trace of the man could we discover, though we well knew that somewhere within a radius of twenty or thirty miles lay the body of one of the bravest men that ever lost his life in that great death trap—the Colorado Desert."

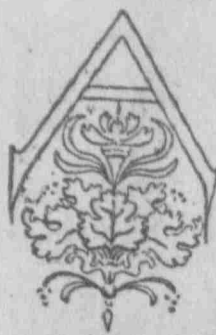
Adventure With Rattlesnakes.

Fred Harris, an express messenger on the Illinois Central, had an experience which he does not care to repeat. He was on train No. 22, and just after leaving Centralia, Ill., settled back into his chair and dropped into a doze. He was awakened shortly by a tickling under his chin, and drowsily opened his eyes to discover the coils of an enormous snake lying across his breast, its restless head waving under his chin. It is hardly necessary to state that Mr. Harris made all former records for instantaneous and lightning moves in that car look like six counter-fetters. He also awoke to the fact that while one snake is bad, several are worse in a geometrical proportion, and he was soon on a pile of baggage surveying a den of rattlesnakes. The reptiles were a consignment from Tampa, Fla., to Chicago, and had made their escape while Mr. Harris slept.

It takes the constant labor of 60,000 people to make matches for the world.

Are We a Homeless People?

By Ada C. Sweet.



PUZZLE to me is why so many American women find themselves useless at home—so useless, so uninterested, that they can spend time and money in Europe, leaving their husbands to drift about in hotels and clubs or to live in their gloomy, half shut houses, attended by servants and without anything which makes of a house a home. Here on this side of the ocean something like the same problem as to women confronts one. The city streets, shops and offices, its afternoon concert halls and theatres, its parks and gardens, are filled with women, and one cannot observe these throngs of femininity long without seeing that with most of them the thought of home is not dominant.

In hotels and boarding houses are meek or harried looking men with wives of varying style and intelligence. Always it is the woman who gives up the home for the hotel. I never heard of a man with a wife or a family who wanted to live with them outside of a home.

I wonder if women realize what they are giving up when they give up their privilege, gift and occupation of homemaking. It seems to me a selling of a birthright of incalculable value, the trading of home for hotel, of care, protection and love for the chances and changes of foreign travel or the discomforts of hotel life. A "mess of pottage" indeed does the woman get when she makes this bargain with the superficial goddess of fashion and caprice, whose rule is so hard, unlovely and unsatisfying.

For Advice Go to Those Who Have Lost

By Hartley Davis.



AS a matter of cold fact, the only persons who are competent to give good advice on how to succeed are those who have tried and failed. It is easier to discover the weaknesses of the failures than the strength of the successes, and to profit by them.

I never read advice given by a man who had gained great wealth or high position without the feeling that he was keeping something from me. And he was; not with intent, but simply because he could not explain. Every human being who walks along with seven league boots toward his goal is able to do so by reason of some intangible quality in his personality—that is the real man. He may show others the way, but, lacking his strength and skill and courage, they must crawl laboriously to the summit and stumble ingloriously down to the valley, while the successful man strides along from mountain top to mountain top. The big man cannot even tell how he climbed to the first height. He leaped over obstacles that would block the weaker brother, scarcely recognizing that they were in his path.

But he who tried and failed knows every barrier, every pitfall, consciously or unconsciously, usually without realizing it. In his eagerness to excuse himself he makes plain the reason why he could not gain his end. He understands weakness and can sympathize with it. The strong man who wins can do neither.

One has to lay his own course and follow it to get anywhere. Most advice and sermons are acceptable when they appeal to one's vanity. It is a virtue to encourage people to give good advice; nothing makes them so happy as to explain how they did it and how they think others can accomplish as much. To ask for advice shows a true altruistic spirit. But one is not likely to go far by following it.

History Teaches Us All to Comprehend the Present

By Richard Le Gallienne.

PERHAPS, of all studies, the study of the first importance to an average citizen is the study of history. The reading of history is a sort of mental travel. Just as a man who has seen no other country but his own is apt to be provincial in his ideas, unintelligently patriotic and intolerant of "the foreigner"—he has never met—so the man who knows no history is limited in his perspective, and comprehends as little the meaning of the contemporary history forming every moment around him as a peasant does the issue of a Presidential election. We read history, not so much to be informed about the past, as to understand the present. We will, of course, begin with the history of our own nation, and we shall have gone but a little way in that without coming to see how that study necessitates our reading the history of other nations, so complex is the process of historic evolution; so indissolubly related is one nation to another in spite of international jealousies and cruel wars! Our national pride may not be abated by this survey, but it will be the more intelligently supported, and we shall have come to realize at least that, though we are undoubtedly the greatest nation on the earth, we are not the only one.

Apart from this general gain in mental expansiveness, into what fascinating byways of human experience will the study of history lead one! So much has been done in this world, so many lives so richly and bravely lived, that we know nothing of until we take up some old history and find a mere name turning to a living man or woman, working, loving, fighting, just as we, maybe, are doing, and the spectacle brings one a curious inspiration and comfort, while it deepens and broadens our humanity as no other study can so well do as the study of history.

Reclaiming the Arid Southwest

By Robert M. Barker.

UNDOUBTEDLY the greatest system in the arid Southwest is in the Pecos Valley of Southeastern New Mexico, where over \$4,000,000 has been expended by private enterprise during the last twelve years in turning aside the waters of the Pecos River and making a wonderfully exuberant garden of the valley famed in song and story as the former retreat of the most desperate train robbers, cattle thieves and other outlaws that the West has ever known. In this valley, which is 120 miles long, two enormous reservoirs, McMillan Lake and Lake Avalon, have been made by the erection of dams carried across the river just north of Carlsbad. One of these is 1140 feet over the top, and completely fills a notch worn by the river through a bed of solid limestone. McMillan Lake is thirteen miles long, and contains enough water to supply the entire lower valley, while Lake Avalon is half as large. There are now available for cultivation over 250,000 acres, of which perhaps one-fifth is engaged. Here irrigation has not only restored a sun-baked alkali plain, but it has created several prosperous little settlements, and has transformed the towns of Carlsbad and Roswell from uninteresting and shadeless gambling holes into attractive and lively small cities, each with a wealth of fine trees, hedges and other physical attributes of the well-ordered New England community.

A Rockefeller on Success.

By the Son of Richest Man in America.

IT is a habit of thought in business that the man who gets the most money is the most successful, but though he may get great sums of money honestly and legitimately by his own efforts, that money is of no real use to him unless he uses it in the right way, and it may be a great curse to him, and he may achieve no real success whatever.

If you believe what Christ said of success you must agree that a successful life is one that has been made the most of in the way of doing for others. The highest success is not what one can make, but how one can make one's self most useful. Money, power and place are circumstances more or less useful according to how a man uses them.

Use your life so as to count for the most and have the strongest influence on others for good—that is success. What good we have done will be what we will see when we come to face the result of our lives at death, and that will be the way we will measure our success in life.

The man who has impressed another life for good or has helped another to resist temptation and to turn from evil to good will be a great success in the eyes of Jesus Christ and in the estimation of every thinking man.

UNITED AGAINST SCHEMERS.

These Merchants Will Advertise Only in Newspapers in the Future.

The merchants and business men of Scottsdale, Pa., have formed an association against all fake advertising. Hereafter they will place their advertising money into the one daily and two weekly newspapers published in the town. They have unanimously endorsed the newspaper as being the best medium of advertising and the only one that proves satisfactory at all times.

The local merchants had become disgusted at the frequent instances in which they were talked or virtually forced into advertising schemes which turned out worthless.

Church programs and programs for local entertainments are also under the ban, as many of the merchants complain that with every entertainment given, where there is an excuse for publishing a program they are solicited for an advertisement.

Some of the merchants asserted that they have spent from \$100 to \$300 a year in schemes which were wholly without any return as advertising, and which cut them down just that much in their newspaper advertising.

WISE WORDS.

There are not many letters in "good-bye," but how many tears!

Honey fed by an enemy were more bitter than aloes from a friend.

Condemnation is a cloak with which disappointment covers a bruise.

The friendship that will survive several unpaid loans is a holy thing.

Marriage is never a failure while the relationship itself is respected.

There are many new things under the sun to those ignorant of the old ones.

The man who never committed a folly never will achieve greatness; he has yet to live.

Very revengeful things have been written with a gold pen, and in sympathetic ink.

Tell no secrets to a stranger, for it has been said one's friends are scarcely safe with them.

We are always waiting for opportunity. When it comes we let it pass by with a doubting glance. It seldom returns.

Generosity is a beautiful quality, but there are too many who appear generous who are merely calculating upon returns.—Philadelphia Record.

The Midshipman of To-Day.

The midshipman who presents himself to most of us has a flavor of Marryat's immortal creation of Mr. Easy. In Irish ports, where Mr. Midshipman Easy is not so familiar a sight as in England, our coming Nelsons have sometimes a little difficulty in preserving their gravity. A boat comes to the stairs of a pier. The middy in charge is possibly more vigorously got up than usual, to impress the natives of the savage land. Biddy is looking at him. "Ho! mister sailor, will ye sell that chold?" "In bow! Way 'nuff. Forward there! Clear the stairs! Liberty men to land!" So hails young Nelson, but Biddy will not let him have the dignity of his position. "Hand me up that pretty boy wid the roses in his cheeks—tis him I want to kiss. And me—Miss Kate Macartney, attitudin' of this pier since George the Fourth was King! You won't kiss me, boy? Then you shall not land." Midshipman Rodney Nelson Camperdown has to submit to sights of this kind. It is on record that one of the good breed which makes our admirals was once carried along the decks of a flagship under the arms of a negress, who wished to complain to the captain that this disgraceful boy had not paid his washing bill.—Navy and Army.

The Printing of Bibles.

The printing of the Bible is the most strictly guarded work in existence—a fact which appears strange until we reflect on the mischief an inaccurate Bible might bring about. The king's printers and the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge give to the world all the Bibles printed in the United Kingdom, except some printed by special license. A few years ago the question arose whether the word "spirit" in Matthew iv, 1, and Mark i, 12, should have a capital "S," it having been previously printed with a small one, and, although the word was obviously wrongly printed, it was not until after the ruling powers at the universities and the king's printers had met in solemn council that leave was given to use the capital letter. Nothing sanctioned by authority in 1611 may be changed without creating something akin to revolution in the places where Bibles are printed.—Liverpool Post.

The Gentle Bloodhound.

Bloodhounds, notwithstanding that a club was established in America, have not caught on in public favor. There is probably no breed whose true characteristics are less understood, a widespread idea existing that this is a ferocious animal, for which, however, there is no justification, as the modern bloodhound is a noble and sensible creature peculiarly sensitive to kind treatment. There is no breed of dog whose olfactory organs are developed to the same degree; thus his ability to hunt man by the scent of his footsteps; indeed, for tracking purposes he stands pre-eminent.—Outing.

Sand Breakers.

The White Sands of Southern New Mexico lie in the San Augustin plain and are a sheet of pure gypsum sixty miles long and five to twenty broad. The white "sand" of gypsum raised by the wind resembles a line of breakers in the distance.

LIVE NEWS OF THE OLD DOMINION.

Latest Happenings Gleaned From All Over the State.

THE NEW VIRGINIA CONSTITUTION.

Policeman Killed in a Duel—Two Thousand Men Are Now on Strike in Norfolk—Col. Baker Fined for Not Attending Court—President of King College—Death of Judge Charles Gratton.

Judge Charles Gratton died of heart disease at his home in Staunton, in his 60th year. Deceased was born in Rockingham county, Va., and belonged to the distinguished Gratton family of Scotch-Irish stock. When he was 22 years old he was elected to the Virginia Legislature and served in that body until the beginning of the war between the States. He served in the war first as private and afterward as an officer. After the war he began the practice of law in Staunton and was elected Judge of the Hastings Court in 1887 and continued to hold that office until 1901. He is survived by his widow and five daughters, Mrs. Gilmore Weston, Radford, Va.; Mrs. S. B. Stover, Lanesville, North Dakota; Mrs. Mary G. Stephenson, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. W. L. Oliver, Jr., and Miss Virginia Gratton, Staunton.

The indications now are that the Virginia Constitutional Convention may possibly be kept alive for some time. The Meredith resolution having this object in view will be the first matter to come up when the convention reassembles this week. The negroes of Richmond and vicinity have started a movement to test the validity of the new instrument. A fund has already been raised for this object and it is claimed that as much money as necessary can be collected. Ex-President of the Supreme Court Lewis, Hon. John S. Wise, of New York, ex-Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, and, it may be, other men of national reputation, it is asserted, will be employed in this case.

The plan to establish a Baptist Academy at Newport News as a feeder to Richmond College materialized when a board of managers was organized, with George B. West, the founder, as president. He has given the institution 100 valuable lots. The other officers are: Mary Jones, secretary; W. E. Barrett, treasurer, and H. L. Schmelz, Hampton, auditor. Dr. Boatwright, president of Richmond College, and Dr. W. E. Hatcher, of Richmond, were present at the meeting. There is now on hand \$4800 from the sale of lots. Professor Ligon, of Georgia, will be principal.

A special from Bristol, Tenn., to the Roanoke Times says: "News of a fatal duel between James Ellis, a policeman in the town of Elk Park, N. C., and William Winters, a mountaineer, has reached here. The men fought with pistols and fired several shots. Ellis was killed, while Winters was severely, if not fatally, wounded. Winters was able to ride unaided to a physician across the mountain from the scene of the shooting. Winters had a grudge against the officer, who had formerly arrested him for disorderly conduct and handled him roughly, so Winters charges."

There is no material change in the strike situation. About 2000 men are now idle. The greatest annoyance is caused by the strike of carpenters at work on over 300 houses in course of erection. General Organizer Odell, of the Carpenters and Joiners Union, was in the city endeavoring to adjust the differences. He advised all carpenters to refrain from work and asserts that his organization is amply able to pay benefits for 10 years. Unless a speedy settlement is made it is highly probable that a sympathetic strike will be the result.

Col. Harry H. Baker was fined \$25 in the Circuit Court at Winchester by Judge T. W. Harrison for contempt of court in not answering a summons as a witness in a case on trial. Colonel Baker's excuse was that he was called from town on an important business engagement and had expected to return in time for court.

Thomas D. Ranson, William A. Anderson and George Perkins, commissioners, sold at public auction at Staunton the Guy Run estate, lying in Augusta and Rockingham counties containing 17,325 acres, or 28 square miles, of mineral land, to William Gordon Fellers, a New York capitalist.

John Ott, of Spotswood, died from being kicked by a horse last week. He was a son of Enos Ott and 28 years old. J. R. Horsley, private secretary to Congressman Flood, was in Staunton interviewing the farmers to ascertain their views with reference to the establishing a rural free delivery in the county.

Fire totally destroyed the Newport News Knitting Mill, owned by Reverdy Stewart, the loss amounting to about \$10,000, including machinery. The 34th street viaduct was in serious danger, but was saved, with slight damage. The fire originated from the overturning of a candle. A squad of sailors from the cruiser Vineta was dispatched to the scene and offered their assistance, but it was not needed.

The handsome new Methodist Church at Chiltons, in Westmoreland county, will be dedicated on the second Sunday in July by Bishop A. W. Wilson, of Baltimore.

Judge J. M. Mullen, of the Corporation Court of Petersburg, granted a charter to the Ex-Slave Mutual Relief, Bounty and Pension Association of the United States.

Dr. Geo. J. Ramsey, editor for the Johnson Publishing Company, of Richmond, was elected president of King College, in Bristol. He has accepted. Dr. Ramsey is a graduate of the University of Virginia.

At Stafford Courthouse a petition was filed for an election on the question of subscribing to the stock of the Fredericksburg and Rappahannock Railway Company. Rappahannock and Culpeper counties have each already voted \$50,000 toward this enterprise.

Two thousand and more volts of electricity were passed through the body of William Johnson as he stood on top of a Bay Shore Terminal car in Norfolk repairing wires and he was instantly killed.

W. M. Jones qualified as mayor of Petersburg. He will enter upon his duties on July 1.